



OUR LADY OF SORROWS.



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Miscellanea.

A New Serial.

The announcement that in the next issue of *THE CROSS* will appear the opening chapters of an Irish historical tale from the gifted pen of Gregory Barr, will be welcome news to all who had the privilege of reading *Retribution*, by the same author, which appeared in our pages. The story opens in 1690—the year of the Battle of the Boyne. The scenes are laid in Ireland and France, and the hero is the godson and namesake of Sarsfield, with whom he fights, whose life he saves, and whose last whisper he reverentially

hears. Louis XIV. also figures in this fascinating story. Some of the incidents in the tale circle around Killarney and the Galtees. We give this notice so that our readers may not, perchance, miss the opening instalment of this entrancing serial, and that those who would foster pure Irish literature may bring it under the notice of their friends.

Canonization Jubilee.

In view of the solemn celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Canonization of St. Paul of the Cross, which will take place in all Passionist churches throughout the world on 18th October next, we publish a sketch of the life of the saint in this issue. Many of our readers, we believe, are indebted to the intercession of this great saint for special favours, and consequently will fervently join in the ceremonies of the jubilee. Most Rev. Father Silvius, General of the Passionist Congregation, has issued a special letter to all the communities under his jurisdiction, in which he gives details of the various privileges which His Holiness the Pope has granted in connection with this great occasion and some of which are given in the concluding paragraph in the sketch, which appears in our pages. The jubilee possesses particular interest for the members of the Confraternity of the Cross and Passion, who will unite with the Passionist Fathers in the jubilee celebrations.

Irish Language Progress.

An Irish priest writes:—Some twenty years ago there were hotel proprietors who discouraged the use of the native tongue on their premises by Irish speakers—thinking, no doubt, that it would prove distasteful to a certain class of visitor. Now a change has set in and various announcements in Gaelic appear in and about the selfsame hotels, such as *leabairt na Gaedheal*; *Annso* ("Irish spoken here.") This shows a transformation for the better, that a new era has set in, so that the use of the national language is no longer regarded as the badge of inferiority. When we consider what the Gaelic colleges—apart from the numerous classes formed throughout the country—are doing, the steady progress of the language movement can be readily seen. In one of the colleges alone—Spiddal—(where I spent some time) over 200 students attend every year and the majority of these become proficient Gaelic speakers and writers, and all seem imbued with the steady determination to succeed in mastering the language of our forefathers. When we consider that similar colleges are to be found in Mayo, Galway, Clare, Kerry, Cork, Waterford, Louth, Donegal and other places the impression is naturally forced upon us that the future cannot be far off when Ireland will be a bi-lingual nation.

Mary Anderson.

"Cotswold" writes:—It needed a strong appeal to induce Mary Anderson (Madame de Navarro) to leave her peaceful home in the old-world, sequestered village of Broadway, Worcestershire, and give the benefit of her unique histrionic talents to the stage once more. She had hitherto refused many tempting offers, to which large emoluments were attached, but the quiet repose of her simple home life in "Court Farm" with its pretty oratory, had a greater attraction for her Catholic instincts than human applause. The unexpected turn of events, occasioned by the war, when the same sight which touched with pity the heart of the "Good Samaritan" became so widespread, furnished a reason so cogent and irresistible—the call of charity pleaded so forcibly—that "our own Mary," as the people of Ireland fondly called her, decided not to bury her talents but to devote them again to the furtherance of the greatest and noblest of all causes, so that "oil and wine" might be poured on the wounds of suffering humanity, she has from time to time, since the outbreak of hostilities, appeared in London and elsewhere before delighted audiences, and graced that stage which she has done so much to elevate. Her distinguished husband, Mr. de Navarro, has also been engaged, with self-sacrificing zeal, in tending the wounded on the battlefields of France and Flanders.

An Angelic Patron.

St. Michael, the Archangel, whose feast occurs on 29th September, is one of the Patrons of the Passionist Congregation. The circumstances connected with the selection of this angelic Patron are related in the life of St. Paul of the Cross. During the building of the retreat on Monte Argentaro the people of Portocola, actuated by a spirit of jealousy, came to the conclusion that the saint had shown a preference for their neighbours of Orbetello by building on the territory of the latter. The result was that from small beginnings opposition grew in intensity, cabals were formed, and the enemies of the saint, both in speech and writing, denounced the undertaking, and bitterly resented the public reproof which he gave them for their hostile attitude. When all other efforts had failed, a mob, armed with implements of destruction, came one night, just as the saint and his companions had retired to rest, with the intention of demolishing the building. They had already ascended the ladders placed against the walls, bent on carrying on their evil purpose, when they saw a figure, with flaming sword, guarding the building. The result was that consternation spread in the ranks of the would-be despoilers, who immediately took to flight, leaving their belongings behind them. To commemorate this remarkable event, as well as other evidences of

angelic protection, St. Michael was constituted one of the Patrons of the Congregation, a chapel dedicated to him in the church at Monte Argentaro, and his feast is kept with special solemnity in the retreats and churches of the Passionists.

Blessed Gabriel.

The important news received from Rome, and announced in our last number, that the long and rigorous examination of the life, virtues and miracles of Blessed Gabriel, Passionist student, had come to a successful conclusion, was, we feel sure, joyfully received by his clients and the readers of THE CROSS. Nothing now remains to be done, it would appear, except to complete the usual formalities immediately connected with the promulgation of the Solemn Decree of canonization by His Holiness, the Pope. It will be a day of jubilation in the church Universal when the Vicar of Christ will raise the holy youth of Isola to the honour of our altars, and no section of the Catholic body will rejoice more than our colleague Francis and his wide circle of brilliant boys and girls of the Blessed Gabriel Guild who have done so much to brighten our pages and furnish us with such delightful and inspiring reading.

Passionist Missions and Retreats.

The Passionist Fathers have recently conducted missions or retreats at the following places:—Athleague; Lucan; Belfast; Ballycastle; Kilcullen; Oxford; Warrington, Selly Park, Birmingham; Bolton; Bradford; Sutton, St. Helen's; Birnie Knowe; Lochgelly (Scotland); Barnsley; Cheltenham; Reading; Nottingham; Northampton; Kilmainham (Dublin); Manchester; Gunnersbury House; Bickerton Road; St. Charles' Square (London).

How sweet the spirit of Jesus is! Oh, what is it that ever induced Jesus to communicate Himself to us in such an enchanting and wonderful way? Just think—Jesus, our food! Jesus, my food!

—GEMMA GALGANI.

Devotion to the VII Dolours of the Blessed Virgin.

I.

THE Church celebrates each year two Feasts of the VII Dolours—one in Lent on the Friday before Passion Sunday, the other on the 15th September, according to the new calendar. Remembrance of the Dolours and meditation upon them may, therefore, be regarded as the special devotion of this month, and it is appropriate to call attention to it in THE CROSS.

Mary is called the *Mater Dolorosa* on account of the sorrows which afflicted her heart, and the sufferings which she endured in union with and on account of her Divine Son. Out of her life-long suffering a few stages or events have been marked by special phases of bitter sorrow in connection with the life and sufferings of Christ. These have been chosen by the Church for particular remembrance and are known by the name of Mary's Dolours. By the Dolours of Mary is meant, the sorrows which afflicted her at particular times of her sorrowful life, when her Divine Son had to endure some new kind of suffering or when some new and unexpected apparent misfortune fell upon Him. These are seven in number, and given in the following order:—The 1st is when Mary, at the presentation of Jesus in the Temple, heard those words of the aged Simeon: "This Child is set for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel. . . . And thy own soul a sword shall pierce" (St. Luke ii. 34, 35). The 2nd: The flight from her native country into the strange land of Egypt with her infant Son and St. Joseph. The 3rd: When she lost the Child Jesus and for three days sought Him sorrowing. The 4th: When she met Jesus carrying His Cross to Calvary. 5th: When she witnessed the Crucifixion and the death of Christ, standing at the foot of the Cross. 6th: The taking down from the Cross, receiving His dead body into her arms. 7th: The burial of Jesus. From this arrangement we see, as Father Faber tells us, that three of the Dolours were during our Lord's infancy and four during His Passion. Or again, one covers His whole life, two His infancy, and four His Passion. Or again, one puts before us all the three and thirty years, two the Child Jesus, two Jesus suffering, and two Jesus dead. The sword of sorrow spoken of by holy Simeon pierced Mary's soul more or less during her whole life by the thought, before His death, of what Jesus must endure and by the thought, after His death, of all that He had endured. The flight into Egypt and the three days' loss

of Jesus brings before our minds the special sorrows of Mary during His childhood. The way of the Cross and the Crucifixion represent her sorrows in connection with Jesus suffering. The taking down from the Cross represents Jesus dead.

II.

To these Seven Dolours there are various practices of devotion approved by the Church, and to which many Indulgences are attached. In the first place we have the Mass in honour of the Dolours and the Divine Office to be said on the two Feast days by priests and religious, and we must understand that it is almost the greatest approbation given to any devotion, to have a Feast, Mass and Office instituted by the Church in its honour. Besides the Mass and Office which belong to priests and religious there are many practices of devotion which can be observed by all, no matter of what class or state of life, in honour of Mary's Dolours. 1. There is the Rosary (chaplet) of the Seven Dolours. 2. The hymn *Stabat Mater*, sung so often in our churches and usually said or sung at the Stations or Way of the Cross. 3. An hour spent at any time of the year in meditating on the Dolours. 4. An exercise in honour of the sorrowing heart of Mary. 5. Seven Aves with the verse, "Holy Mother pierce me through," etc. 6. An hour or half an hour's prayer on Good Friday and other Fridays. All these and some others have received the Church's sanction and are enriched by Indulgences, so that in practising any of them we not only do a work pleasing to God and meritorious in His sight, but also very profitable to ourselves and to our suffering friends and brethren in Purgatory, according as we apply the Indulgences to their or our own souls.

Any of the exercises or prayers just mentioned may be practised without much trouble, but that they may be the more profitable to our souls we should endeavour to be actuated by the true spirit of this devotion. The spirit of any devotion may be known by its object and the fruit to be derived from it. What then are we to understand by the object of this devotion, and what are the fruits which result from it? It is one of those devotions which has Mary, the Mother of God, for its object, and this alone is sufficient to endear it to every Catholic heart. There are, however, many, and I might say innumerable, devotions which have Mary for their object. Some have for their object Mary's joys, some Mary's glories, some her prerogatives or perfections, such as her maternity, her immaculate conception, her virginity and purity, etc., but this one has for its object Mary's sorrows.

III.

As the devotion has for its object these bitter sorrows its spirit is sorrowful like that of the spirit of the devotion to the Sacred Passion of our Lord. In truth the spirit of these two

devotions to Jesus suffering and to Mary suffering with Him may be said to be one and the same, inasmuch as their sufferings are so closely connected and go hand in hand together to form but one object of devotion. If we think of the Son's sufferings we must at the same time think of the Mother's grief, and if we think of the Mother's sorrows we must have in mind the Son whose Passion occasioned them and for Whose sake they were endured.

The spirit then of this devotion is the same as the spirit of the devotion to our Saviour's Passion. It is a spirit of tender compassion for Mary because of her sorrows, caused by the sufferings of Christ. It is a spirit of gratitude and heartfelt thanks for those same sorrows so patiently borne in imitation of her Divine Son for our sake. It is a spirit of love and of tender charity towards that Mother who at the height of her sufferings received us as her children and has ever regarded us and watched over us with a mother's love and care.

IV.

Besides the general advantages which we may derive from the sincere practice of any devotion, namely, sorrow for and hatred of sin, and an increase of grace and charity, there are special advantages and fruits to be hoped for from the devotion to the Seven Dolours of the Blessed Virgin. These special advantages are known by tradition founded on a private revelation, that is, a revelation not directed to the whole Church nor intended for all the faithful as a truth of divine faith, but simply a revelation made to a private individual for his own guidance and sanctification, having for others only as much value as human authority brings to it. The revelation here referred to is said to have been made to St. John the evangelist, to whom our Saviour commended His blessed Mother by His dying words. One day, wrapped in contemplation, he heard Mary in heaven asking our Saviour to grant some special favour to those who should remember her Dolours with devotion. Our Lord replied that He would grant four particular graces to those who during life would practise this devotion. These are the four graces which He is said to have promised:—1st, Perfect contrition for all their sins before death. 2nd, A particular protection at the hour of death, at that hour when we shall be in most need of help from above. 3rd, To imprint the mysteries of His Sacred Passion deeply on their hearts. 4th, A particular power of impetration granted to Mary's prayers on their behalf.

Though the revelation on which these promises rest is not a matter of faith, and all such promises are conditional upon our dispositions and co-operation with God's graces, yet, if such a revelation had never been handed down, from the very meaning and spirit of the devotion we can see in what way these graces are especially connected with it and flow, as it were, from it through the power and ordination of God's

benevolence and mercy. It is not difficult to believe, and it can safely be stated that those who take up this devotion and continue it will retain in their souls a true sorrow for their sins, which caused the death of the Son of God. They will also have impressed upon their minds and hearts a devout remembrance of our Saviour's sufferings, and they will experience in their lives and actions the constant effects of Mary's most powerful intercession. When the hour of death comes, if they have been faithful to this devotion, they will have the special protection needed for their happy passage to eternity. They may confidently hope through Mary's intercession to be well disposed with contrite and humble hearts and with true and ardent charity to render up their souls into the hands of their Creator, whether they be called upon to do so either on the battlefield, or in the depths of the sea, or in wards of a hospital, or in the most peaceful and happy place, in their own homes, helped by the Sacraments of the Church and by the prayers of the faithful.

ARTHUR DEVINE, C.P.

Canonization Golden Jubilee.

St. Paul of the Cross.

GOD'S revelation to us and the teaching of His Divine Son are to the worldly-minded a stumbling-block and foolishness. The spirit of the world is opposed to the spirit of Jesus Christ, and what is deemed success according to the mundane idea is nothing short of failure in the true spiritual sense. What is considered success and honour and glory by the disciples of materialism is shunned and feared by the followers of the Cross, whose only aim is to acquire the science of the saints. The man who succeeds in his profession or calling and attains to what is considered the acme of political, commercial, or scientific attainments almost invariably receives the adulation of his fellowmen, is regarded as a hero, and looked upon as the happiest of mortals upon whom fickle Fortune has smiled.

It is patent that the vast majority, when entering on the battle of life, are more or less animated by the worldly spirit, with the result that it grows upon them, takes possession of them and rules their conduct until it becomes a second nature, and so they view things in an altogether different light from those who are guided by the spirit of God.

Things of sense make a greater appeal to us than those which, though of supreme worth, are invisible to us, and alas! but too many are swayed and lured by the things that are seen

and temporal rather than by those which are unseen and eternal.

How harsh, disagreeable, and altogether unreasonable it sounds in the ears of those tainted with the worldly spirit when it is said that prosperity and pleasure and freedom from pain and good fortune are neither the choicest gifts of God nor the special marks of His tenderest love; while on the other hand poverty and trial and suffering, when received with humble submission, are indications of God's friendship and predilection, are factors which make us dear to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, imitators of Christ and number us amongst the faithful servants of God.



ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS.

The spirit of the world leads us to contemplate the kingdoms and glory of the world, to revel in the fleeting and disappointing pleasures that are of the earth earthly, and to search for peace where peace cannot be found. The spirit of the Cross impels us to taste of the bitterness of Gethsemane or the abandonment of Calvary, to bear the Cross that we may win the Crown.

The infectious nature of worldly maxims, the false and misleading principles which govern the conduct of so many make it imperative upon us to be always on our guard lest

we should shut out from ourselves that "light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world," and that we may have courage and hope and confidence in seeking holiness of life. We have the inspiring lives of the saints who loved not the world nor the things that are in the world, who divested themselves of everything that was calculated to distract or impede them in the grand and noble endeavour of serving God with the unalloyed love of their hearts, of winning eternal beatitude and of leaving to their fellowmen an example that they too may follow in their footsteps.

In St. Paul of the Cross, Founder of the Passionist Order, we have revealed a servant of God, whose whole life was a marvellous correspondence with grace, a complete severance of earthly ties. In him we have a shepherd whose footsteps never wearied in seeking out the lost sheep, whose heart burned with an intense and all-absorbing love of the Sacred Passion, and who was so Christlike that he could say: "I live, not I, but Christ liveth in me."

It is good for us to study such a life, it is necessary for us as far as we can to imitate it, so that under its inspiring influence we may be lifted out of ourselves and drawn more closely to our Crucified Redeemer. The more we look into St. Paul's life the better are we convinced of the transforming power of the Passion until we see limned and reproduced in him a figure of the Man of Sorrows.

There is hardly an age in the history of the Church that has not produced some bitter opponent of its dogmas and teachings who invariably had adherents to assist him in his evil work. The period in which St. Paul lived (he was born in 1694) was unhappily shadowed by fomenters of civil disruption as well as virulent antagonism to religious principles. The name of Voltaire stands out prominently at this period as a fomentor of political discord and propagandist of un-Catholic tenets.

But if every epoch has been darkened by the enemies of God and man, there have been raised up saints who, by their example and teaching, counteracted the demoralizing principles of the opponents of the Church, and it is evident that St. Paul of the Cross was an ambassador sent by God to avert the danger that threatened Christianity in his day.

St. Paul's discipline in the school of Christian perfection began with his earliest years. Under the fostering care of pious parents he was trained in the practices of our Holy Faith, and he was encouraged in the ways of holiness by his brother, John Baptist, whose beautiful example and encouragement and advice were admirable helps to our saint. His devout mother took care to instil into his young mind a tender devotion to the Mother of God, and Our Lady showed her appreciation of this honour paid to her by, in a miraculous

manner, saving these two favoured children from death by drowning.

Paul's early studies were prosecuted under the direction of a priest who kept a school in Cremolino, where he distinguished himself by his solid reasoning, elegance of expression, and a gift of eloquence which afterwards, during his missionary career, proved so powerful and attractive in winning souls to Christ.

But while the saint made good progress in secular knowledge he made still greater strides in the domain of religious science. Regular in his attendance at daily Mass, frequent in his reception of the Sacraments, assiduous in prayer, in visiting the Blessed Sacrament, and in reading good books, Paul was a source of edification to his companions and was regarded as a saint.

So ardently did he cultivate his devotion to the Sacred Passion that even in the days of his youth he practised the greatest austerities. Friday was for him a day of rigorous fasting, and he commemorated our Lord's sufferings by mingling gall with his drink.

Nor did the absorbing nature of his close communion with God prevent him from responding to the call of patriotism and religion when in 1716 the Republic of Venice set out against the Turks who were threatening Christendom. His life as a soldier was a short one, as our Lord, when the saint was praying at the Forty Hours' Adoration, gave him clearly to understand that he had other designs in his regard, and the young soldier obeyed the voice of God and obtained his discharge from military service.

The vocation to which God called St. Paul was not one in which military prowess would be displayed, but He wished him to be the head and founder of another army, whose sword would be the Cross and whose ways lay in the paths of peace.

He tells us himself how, in vision at Castelazzo, he was called upon to found a new religious congregation, how the dark habit of the Passion was revealed to him with the well-known sign and lettering commemorative of the Passion of Jesus Christ.

In a little room off the church of St. Charles in Castelazzo, St. Paul spent forty days in prayer and fasting while he was writing the rules of the new congregation, and these rules, of which the Church approves as well calculated to lead to religious perfection, are more the work of Heaven than of man. The fact that he had never read the rules of any other Order would indicate the inspiration and the Divine assistance which he received in their composition. Afterwards no less than four Popes gave their approbation to these Holy Rules.

He who is called to the office of priesthood to offer sacrifice and preach the Gospel must needs undergo a long and exacting preparation for such a high and responsible calling. Like

the ancient anchorites, St. Paul selected a lonely hermitage in the solitude of Monte Argentaro, overlooking the Tuscan Sea, as a fitting place to prepare himself by study and meditation for the priesthood. Here, far from the haunts of men, he was able to pursue uninterrupted the rigorous penances by which he chastised his body that he might the more closely resemble that great High Priest Jesus Christ, by whose power and in whose name the priest at the altar offers the unbloody and infinite sacrifice of the Mass. At times he would descend from the mountain in order, with the approval of his bishop, to give instruction to the people.

It is no matter for surprise that when Pope Benedict XIII. ordained St. Paul and his brother John Baptist, in 1727, that, impressed by the admirable dispositions of the candidates, the Sovereign Pontiff thanked God for the good work that he had done that day.

The priestly life of St. Paul was one of unwearying labour for the salvation of souls, of rigorous penance and assiduous prayer. He was ever offering himself as a victim for the sins of men, and to such extent did he carry his self-chastisement that he resembled our Saviour as he descended from the Prætorium. Wherever he went a new and better spirit was infused into the people, extraordinary conversions were wrought and his apostolate attended by astounding miracles.

The Congregation of the Passion spread, and at the time of his precious death, when he had attained the venerable age of nearly 82 years, twelve retreats were established and the order of Passionist Nuns at Corneto. Since the saint's death the Congregation has spread rapidly and houses or "retreats" have been established in many lands.

God glorified his servant by the prodigies which were accorded to those clients who invoked his intercession after death. The heroic virtues of the saint, as well as the extraordinary manifestations after death, received the solemn recognition of the Church, which set its seal upon his sanctity by his canonization in 1867.

Noteworthy in the life of St. Paul is the deep and absorbing interest which he took in the spiritual regeneration of England. For many years his supplications were poured forth for religious revival and on one occasion, at the Communion of his Mass, he was comforted by a vision of the establishment of his Congregation in England. God in His own mysterious way heard and answered the prayers of the saint.

The canonization of St. Paul of the Cross in St. Peter's, Rome, on 29th June, 1867, was one of the grandest sights ever witnessed in the great Basilica. Seldom (except in one of the Councils of the Church) did so many bishops walk in procession, and the whole Catholic world was represented. About 500 venerable prelates, including fifty cardinals,

participated in that solemn assembly. The Latin bishops wore red copes and plain white mitres; while the Greek prelates added a picturesqueness to the scene by their gorgeous vestments, differing according to their respective rites. His Holiness Pope Pius IX. was borne on the grand *sedia*, surrounded by the noble guard, and attended by the senators, judges and chief magistrates of Rome. His Holiness wore a red cope and mitre, carried a torch in his left hand, and with his right blessed the multitude. The protonotaries apostolic and Generals of Orders walked last in the long procession, which took two hours to pass a given point. About 25,000 priests and 100,000 of the faithful were present at the grand ceremony, when the Pope, sitting formally in *Cathedra*, declared Paul of the Cross, Founder of the Passionists, a saint of the Church Universal.

The Golden Jubilee of this great event will be solemnly kept on 18th October next, the anniversary of the death of St. Paul, in all the Passionist churches. In connection with this celebration His Holiness, the Pope, has granted several privileges: The Portiuncula Indulgence may be gained; the Papal Blessing will be imparted, and the day cannot fail to be a memorable one for the religious and clients of the great Saint of the Crucified.

COLUMBAN TYNE, C.P.

The Passion of Our Lord is the foundation of Christian piety, not only because it is the source of all the graces which go towards the sanctification of souls, but because it possesses besides all the attractions with which an object of contemplation can be invested. There we see God Himself not only humbled to our own level, but below it. To go down to Him in spirit, compassionate Him and try to take a part in His sufferings, and then rise from this contemplation full of zeal for going through the world, labouring to prevent what Crucifies Him again, as well as to bring others to accompany us in this act of devotion, seems the highest and most consoling act of homage and love which a creature, cognizant of the benefits of redemption, can pay to his suffering Lord.

—FATHER PIUS DEVINE, C.P.

Sacrifice for Sacrifice.

"Grandmama is so tiresome. If it hadn't been for her I'm sure we'd have got round father all right."

"Yes, it's all her fault; though of course it is much nicer to take a house within reach of a church."

"Oh, nicer, yes, but just for the summer—and we could have got to Mass in the automobile at least once each month."

"But not every Sunday, Nell."

"Well, it's only a few weeks, after all——"

"Months," corrected Mary.

"And it looks such a lovely place," went on Nellie, heedless of her sister's correction, and the two heads went down again over the pictures of the summer residence on which they both had set their hearts, but which their father had vetoed because of the difficulty—the impossibility except occasionally—of getting to Sunday Mass.

So engrossed were they in the house agent's fascinating catalogue that they never noticed the fact that their father was in the room and had overheard all they said. It was only when he laid his hand on the open page that simultaneously they looked up, with exclamations of surprise, not untinged, on Mary's part at least, with embarrassment.

"So you think you'd have got round me, do you?" he said. "I don't mind about Sunday Mass, eh?"

"Oh, father, we didn't mean that," cried the girls together, and Nell took on herself a further explanation. "We only meant that you understand things better than an old lady like grandmama; after all, supposing we had to live on a ranch or anywhere miles and miles away from church we shouldn't be obliged to go, and we'd only be at Linkwater for the summer months."

"If we were obliged to live miles from church," replied her father, "certainly no obligation would bind us to do the impossible. But we are not obliged to go to any special neighbourhood for our summer holidays, therefore, I do not think, with half a dozen states to choose from, there is much hardship in confining our choice to a place where Sunday Mass, not only for ourselves, but for our household, will be possible."

Mary made no answer, for she knew in her heart that her father was right, and even Nellie only ventured on a murmured complaint that nowhere but Linkwater would satisfy her.

Mr. O'Loughran stretched out his hand and drew the catalogue to him, turning the page resolutely from the fascinations of Linkwater, which, however, he had to own was the most attractive of all the houses that the firm had to offer

on hire. He was still examining the book, unable to persuade the girls to look with any favour on the houses depicted upon its pages, when the door, through which he himself had entered the room a few moments before, was opened and a nurse wheeled a little bright-eyed old lady into the room.

"Grandmama herself!" he cried, rising to greet his mother, and drawing her chair into the sunny bay window. "The very person I wanted to convince two wise young people that sometimes, not often perhaps," and he looked teasingly at his girls, "not often, but sometimes, the old folk must be allowed to have good reasons for knowing best."

Mrs. O'Loughran was a wonderful old lady. Already over eighty, her hearing was almost as good as it had ever been: glasses, she said, renewed the youth of her eyes, and the only power that she owned the years had robbed her of was the free use of her limbs, which for all her life had never known an idle moment. In times gone by this activity had been necessary to Mary Seery, the Irish emigrant girl, and later when marriage and just a comfortable and later a luxurious home had changed the reason and the nature of that activity, the old lady had never known an idle hour, until age had laid her captive in her chair.

Even now, when her son explained to her what he wanted her to tell his girls she pulled her "vanity" from her bag, and nothing loath, began to tell a story of the far away days, of the Ireland that she had left as a little girl not ten years of age, in the year that preceded the great famine of 1847.

"It was in Galway that this happened," she said. "Galway, my own county, and it happened to friends—as we called them in Ireland, though here relations is the word we use—to relations, then, of my own blood and name. The Seerys that I want to tell you about lived on the shores of Galway Bay; the land about their house was poor and stony, and only the hard work of every one of them kept hunger and want from the door. They were a big family, boys and girls of every age, but as the sons grew up to manhood they saw nothing for them but poverty and want, and one by one they went out into the world to earn for themselves, each promising, if possible, to send money back to help the mother and the home. The father was already dead. But only very seldom was such sending possible, and the mother saw she must let her girls leave her too, and so first Kate went away to America, sending in turn for Bridget and Anne, and even for little Mary, a child not ten years old, whom she and the husband she had married adopted and reared as though she had been a daughter of their own. Only one son was left in the old home, a boy, fourteen years of age, who managed to keep things together whilst he and his mother lived on what came to them from the daughters over the seas. But not very long after little Mary arrived in America, her native land was struck by that awful famine that no one of Irish blood will ever for-

get so long as the world may last. Money was of little value then, even for those who, like Mrs. Seery, had a little bit of it, to buy bread, because the bread was not to be had. Whilst there was food in the house there was no refusing it to the dying, starving neighbours, though hunger and pestilence had well-nigh emptied the houses round. It was the boy, Jack, who felt the hunger most. He was young and strong, not used to hardships, at least not to such hardships as famine brings, and though his mother saved every crumb, hiding it even from the poor, crawling, craving creatures who came seeking it from the houses round about, she could not keep life in the lad. On the very last Sunday of their lives the two of them, little more than skeletons though they were, staggered down the road to Mass. They knelt together in the little mud-walled church, leaning against each other, too weak to pray, more than by raising their hearts to God in praise and resignation, and afterwards creeping home, the boy lay down to die. For four days he lingered, and all his mother could do for him was to hold him in her arms and moisten his lips with a drop of the rain-water that fell from the thatch of the roof. She could not leave him even to go to the well beyond the road.

"On Thursday he died, and even to go and call a neighbour to dig his grave she could not move.

"Friday and Saturday passed with Death staring her in the face; yet Sunday morning dawned and she was still alive. Just alive, and no more, with her boy lying dead beside her, but the Mass bell that for going on sixty years she had never let ring unheeded, called her once more to share in the sacrifice of Calvary.

"She could not stand: she was too weak, but on her hands and knees she dragged herself across the threshold, out on to the almost deserted road, and along to where the church stood, with open doors. Three times she fell in the short half-mile between her house and the house of God, and it was only when someone bound on the same errand as herself gave her a drink of the water that trickled in its stony bed beside the roadway that she was able to go on.

"By the time she had reached the church the priest had already mounted the altar steps: indeed, the Mass was nearly half through when she dragged herself over the threshold, and crouching down, half kneeling, half lying, she raised her eyes to the altar and prayed in the sweet old Irish tongue as well as her failing sense allowed.

"The warning bell of the Sanctus reached her dimming ears, and she drew herself together for the solemn approaching moment of the Elevation. Then, as the priest raised on high the newly-consecrated Host, a voice, weak, quavering, yet quite distinct, fell on the hush of the chapel.

"Eternal praise to the Son of God."

"It was she, Mrs. Seery, who spoke, and after that a

silence fell. Even when Mass was over she made no move to leave her place, and someone, less famished than herself, went over to where she lay beside the door. They spoke, but she made no answer; they raised her head, but it fell back inert, lifeless. The old woman was dead."

There was silence, too, in the room when Mrs. O'Loughran ceased speaking, for touching as her story was, its pathos was intensified by the voice, the emotion of the speaker herself.

"Granny." It was Mary who broke the silence. "Tell us, did you know the woman? Is that the reason you will never let us make any excuse for missing Sunday Mass?"

"Yes," she said, in answer to the latter question. "Yes, I want to tell her when, please God, we meet again, that no one of her blood, during my lifetime at least, has wilfully neglected the hearing of Sunday Mass."

"Of her blood?" questioned Nellie, a dawning of something they had not yet been told showing in her eyes.

"Of my blood," said her grandmother, "and of hers. That woman was my mother."

"And my grandmother," said Mr. O'Loughran, to whom the pitiful story was not new. "My grandmother, God bless her."

After that there was no further thought of Linkwater, the attractive country residence on the beautiful Linkwater Lake. The O'Loughrans took a house in a less wild locality where even grandmama was able to go to daily Mass, and the summer sped by all the happier for the sacrifice that had been made and the blessing which daily Mass brought each holiday-maker individually, and before a second summer came round the bishop of the Linkwater district received, and gratefully approved, the offer of a little church where, during the holiday season, Mass in future would be said, and the inscription on that little church, signed with the initials of the O'Loughran family, was—"To Grandmother. . . God bless her."

ALICE DEASE.

Our own interior is a sanctuary because it is the living temple of God and the dwelling of the Holy Trinity. Let us enter into this temple and adore Our Lord there in spirit and truth.

—ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS.

The Latin "Salve Regina."

PERHAPS few prayers are recited more frequently than the *Salve Regina*, and no wonder, for it seems to be a classic among short prayers. It needs, indeed, no advertisement from the critic, or no literary commendation. In English or in Latin it springs naturally from the Catholic heart; and, while most people will keep to the familiar English *Salve Regina*, some will prefer its Latin form because of some charm, perhaps inherent in the old classical tongue. One may be pardoned for seeing something like literary merit amidst the fervour of the Latin prayer.

*Salve Regina Mater Misericordiæ!
Vita, Dulcedo et Spes nostra salve!*

If some epithets in Keats or Tennyson are, as critics say, "little poems in themselves," surely these Latin words in this context are also little poems in themselves—words informed with the spell and spirit of poetry. How finely, how fully they sound the note of praise and devotion, the note of love and confidence! Immediately they create the environment of sincere petition of earnest supplication. And the most devoted client of Mary is satisfied with the rapture of the eulogy, with the spontaneity of the appeal, and feels no need to add one word to this exquisite beginning of his prayer. *Mater Misericordiæ, vita, dulcedo, spes nostra*—these are no cold, faltering vocatives: they are an expression of the Catholic's certainty regarding the Virgin's influence, regarding her maternal passion to "remember, reach and save" her suppliants. And the language of certainty is an amaranthine beauty in prose or verse, in hymn or orison. These words also, though plain and ordinary in themselves, derive from Catholic truth a superb connotation, a golden meaning of power and hope for the trustful soul.

To see what charms or beauty surround the *Salve Regina*, let us compare it with any great act of supplication in the two great ancient languages. Let us, without irreverence, compare it with one of Homer's addresses to a deity of the Old World, and we will at once realise that his hexameters, in spite of all their praise, are weak and unmoving in comparison with our prayer. When Troy was in extreme danger, almost surrounded by the Greek army, Hector begged his mother, Hecuba the Queen of Troy, to petition Athene to save the city and the people. It was in truth a trying hour for Trojans, an hour on which the glory of their city or its everlasting ruin depended. This is the prayer the greatest ancient poet, Homer, puts at that anxious moment into Hecuba's mouth:—

*"Oh, awful goddess! ever dreadful maid!
Troy's strong defence, unconquered Pallas, aid!
Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall
Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall.
So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.
But thou, atoned by penitence and prayer,
Ourselves, our children and our city spare."
—(Pope's translation.)

The student will at once see that in this passage are Homer's own qualities—directness and simplicity with their resultant force—but in the Homeric prayer there is not the heart-cry of the *Salve Regina*, or the force of moral certainty or the confidence of Lourdes pilgrim as he pours his soul into "*ad te clamamus exules filii Hevæ, ad te suspiramus gementes et flentés in hac lacrimarum valle.*" Even the most irreligious critic, weary with the ambitious efforts of a Byron or a Horace, will find relief in the earnestness and sincerity of *Salve Regina*. And apart from religious intensity and vehemence, he will find in the Latin words just quoted the Shakespearean utterance of a soul trying to strengthen itself midst the uncertainties of the world. He cannot but be pleased with those simple words expressing without pomp or ornament the stress and strain of life.

With the *Salve Regina* let us now compare Aeneas' prayer, when he was so ardently longing to rest from labour and wandering. Here is his act of supplication to a very powerful god of the country in which he hoped to settle.

* . . . Tuque, O Thybri, tuo, genitor cum flumine sancto!
*Accipite Aenean et tandem arcete periculis.
Quo te cumque lacus, miserantem incommoda nostra,
Fonte tenet, quocumque solo pulcherrimus exis
Semper honore meo, semper celebrabere donis,
Corniger Hesperidum fluvius regnator aquarum.
Adsis, O tantum! et propius tua numina firmes.*

(And do you, too, Father Tiber, with thy sacred stream receive Aeneas and at length shield him from peril. Whatso be the spring in which thy waters enclose thee that pitiest our woes, from whatever land thou flowest, a most beauteous god, thou shalt for ever be honoured with my worship and my gifts, O dread river, lord of the western seas. Be now with me, I implore, and with immediate aid prove thy divinity.)

No one will venture to say that these hexameters are without winning force or without beauty. The pagan hero had measured his strength and found human power wanting, but

**Iliad*: Book VI, 305—310.

**Aeneid*: Book VIII, 72—78.

his appeal to his gods, when he greatly needed their help, lacks the intensity and hope of our *Salve Regina*.

Apart again from religious motives the student will not give the palm to Virgil. The Catholic hymn possesses such depth and grace as will not be found in any short, prayerful appeal in the ancient classics. "In its simplicity sublime" it is, without doubt, the utterance of a powerful mind with full control over language and ideas.

The passage which will, probably, best please most readers is "*Eia, ergo, advocata nostra, illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte, et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui, nobis post hoc exilium ostende.*" These are words which one likes to repeat frequently. They make so succinct and masterly an appeal for help amidst the thunders and storms of the "exile," and for the Christian's great prizes hereafter.

In conclusion, the *Salve Regina* ends, and seems to end fittingly, with a second rapturous eulogy which is again a confident appeal to the Virgin. The last words: "Oh clemens! Oh pia! Oh dulcis! Virgo Maria," seem to exhaust the soul's natural energy in the vehemence of a parting invocation. However urgent his needs the suppliant feels no wish to add one word to the prayer which is so confident an expression of his desires, an appeal so insistent, a praise so warm that the Virgin must surely listen. Much may be written in praise of the *Salve Regina*, but it does not need praise. In it the gold of poetry and piety is beautifully wrought without vain display or idle art, to be a most pleasing offering to the *Auxilium Christianorum*.

PATRICK WALSH, B.A.

A Priest.

In his kind eyes the sanctity
Of friendship shines, unclouded star
That gladdens and will ever be
Undimmed where memory's treasures are.

And beautiful upon his face
The strength of manhood is express'd
Beneath the finer, priestly grace
Which lifts men's thoughts unto the blest.

He moves with calm amid the crowd,
Winning from all a love untold,
Guiding a flock with peace endowed,
Aiding the weak of every fold.

An sagart mor! Let some condemn,
He steers God's course undauntedly;
Nor strife, nor aught of earth, shall stem
The tide which bears his argosy.

P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY.

St. Michael and the Angels.

I.

THE Feast of St. Michael is a time-honoured one. Instituted so far back as the fifth century, a church at that time was erected at Mount Gargano, in Italy, to commemorate the apparition of St. Michael, and for a similar reason on the bold and striking outlines of Mont St. Michel in France there is another sanctuary in honour of the Archangel which dates back to the seventh century.

Conscious of the existence and intercession of the holy Angels, we are, nevertheless, more at home when discussing or dealing with material things than with those that do not come within the range of the senses, and for the understanding of which we are more or less dependent on revelation. God has not left us without a good knowledge of those spiritual beings—the angels—who play such an important part in our lives and in our final destiny. We have abundant testimony in Holy Scripture of the mission of the angels in our regard, and marvellous manifestations of these blessed spirits are recorded in sacred history.

These spiritual intelligences, incorporeal and immortal, belong to a more perfect order of creation than we can lay claim to. Though we were created "little less than the angels" and have in us reflected the image of God and are "partakers of the divine nature," by grace; though our bodies are the "temples of the Holy Ghost," yet our composite being of itself—body and soul—does not lend itself to the same perfection as the angels enjoy. Having proved faithful during the time of probation they are confirmed for ever in glory.

II.

Our knowledge is acquired by slow and laborious process by means of the senses, we have to reason in order to come to conclusions. Angels are not hampered in this way, their intellect, keen as it is, enables them by intuition, to see the conclusions involved in principles. Always in action, their intelligence enables them to know and understand many things veiled from us and which we do not, perhaps, see even in an obscure manner. Their natural knowledge does not enable them to know the mysteries of grace, the secrets of hearts or the future. But they have another source of knowledge—they see things in God and in such measure as He wills, and in this way they are able to understand many of the hidden mysteries of grace.

Secret thoughts as they are in the mind and affections of the will can be known in their effects. Man is able to conjecture and sometimes may come to a correct judgment on interior dispositions by outward manifestations. In like manner the angels could arrive at a knowledge of the

interior. St. Augustine, speaking of the fallen angels, says that they acquire a knowledge of men's dispositions in this way, relying, of course, on external manifestations.

But secret thoughts as such and a knowledge of the future, except insofar as future effects may be judged from present causes, are hidden from the angelic intellect and are known only by the Supreme Being.

A body is necessarily circumscribed by local limits, but the angels, who do not possess bodies, are free from this limitation, but not from those essential limits which belong to all creatures. Gifted with a swiftness, like to that of thought, they are able to execute the Divine commissions with a speed of which our minds cannot form an adequate idea.

Besides serving and glorifying God in Heaven they are entrusted with the safeguarding and defence of countries, cities and churches. God has assigned to each one a guardian angel, who presents our prayers to Almighty God and assists us in various ways. When Jacob was giving his benediction to the sons of Joseph he prayed that the angel that delivered him from all evils might bless them; and our Saviour tells us "not to despise one of these little ones, for I say to you that their angels in Heaven always see the face of my Father who is in Heaven."

III.

During the time of the probation of the angels there was a revolt amongst them, led by Lucifer—then the most excellent, the highest and the mightiest of God's angels. In him was reflected the greatness, wisdom and beauty of God, but alas! he abused those transcendent gifts so freely bestowed upon him. He would exalt his throne above the stars of God and would be like the Most High. The rebel angel seduced many of the angelic spirits to share in his pride, ambition and disobedience. A noble champion arose at that tremendous crisis to espouse the cause and the glory of God. This was St. Michael. Then came the parting of the ways, the rebellious angels were cast out of Heaven and Michael and his faithful followers were rewarded with eternal beatitude; and it is generally held by divines that God conferred upon the loyal and victorious Archangel those dazzling gifts and prerogatives which Lucifer (now the Prince of Darkness) possessed before his fall. Under the old dispensation St. Michael and the angels were entrusted with the protection of true religion and the chosen people of God. Before the miraculous taking of Jericho the Archangel appeared to Josue, he was on the side of the Israelites in their contests with the Syrian hosts; and when the evil one would seduce the chosen people into idolatry, they were safeguarded by their powerful guardian St. Michael. When Balaam would curse the people of God, Michael changed his curses into blessings. Hagar, type of the sorrowing mother, was consoled in her poignant misery and desolation by one of these celestial spirits. Lot had their succour when fleeing from the burning city. The children in the fiery furnace were protected by them

as was also the prophet Daniel in the lions' den, and St. Michael assisted the Jews in procuring their liberation from their galling captivity. The lips of Isaias were cleansed by an angel, who took a burning coal from the altar. Angels, too, have many times appeared in human form when executing the command of God. Abraham and Lot, for instance, entertained angels in their houses. But these apparitions in human form were but types of one—greater than an angel—the second person of the Blessed Trinity, who in the fulness of time would assume human nature for the redemption of the world. These bodies were not like unto ours, but were assumed on our account that by conversing familiarly with men the angels might give evidence of that intellectual com-



ST. MICHAEL ARCHANGEL.

panionship which all good and faithful servants hope to have with them in the life to come.

IV.

What dogma of our holy Faith could be so important for us as the Incarnation of the Son of God? Around it circles every great truth and mystery of our holy religion. And in the fulfilment of this mystery the angels played a prominent part. It was Gabriel who came from God to Mary to ask her consent to become the Mother of God and to convey the message of the "handmaid of the Lord" to Almighty God. And when Mary gave to the world the promised Messiah, the voices of the angels were heard singing, "Glory be to God on High and on earth peace to men of goodwill." Later on, when that Son had grown to manhood and the initial stages of the Passion had begun, when from those sacred lips an agonizing cry went forth in Gethsemane betraying the awful agony of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, when "His sweat became as drops of blood trickling down to the ground," our Heavenly Father comes to the relief of His Incarnate Son, and the comforting angel—wonderful mystery—whispers a consoling message to Him who had willingly taken "the chastisement of our peace" upon Himself. When the work of our redemption was consummated, and Our Saviour had risen triumphantly from the dead, and St. Mary Magdalene and the other Mary went to the sepulchre, an angel of the Lord, with countenance as lightning, and raiment as snow, descended from Heaven, rolled back the stone and announced to the holy women that Jesus who was crucified had risen, and commissioned them to convey to the disciples the joyful tidings of the Resurrection.

When the Church of Christ was founded, the prophecies fulfilled and the types and figures supplanted by that which they had foreshadowed, St. Michael and the other angels of God became its ever constant defenders. The first Vicar of Christ, St. Peter, when bound and languishing in his prison dungeon, was visited by an angel who struck the chains from the feet of the apostle, and an angel appeared to St. John and revealed to him the future state of the Church. Does not the history of the Church show us how the Bride of Christ has ever been defended by its patron St. Michael. Its opponents have never wearied in persecuting it, yet during the centuries of its existence neither man nor demon has been able to destroy it. St. Michael has defended it and kept the banner of truth floating despite the onslaughts of its visible and invisible enemies.

The mission of the angels in our regard does not terminate with this life for on the authority of Holy Scripture we know that when the poor but perfect man died he was carried by angels to Abraham's bosom, and when time shall be no more, it will be the duty of St. Michael to sound the Last Trumpet and call all mankind to judgment.

BRENDAN O'HURLEY.

Father O'Growney.

By F. P. CAREY.

From this was launched two years later *The Gaelic Journal*, in the pages of which Father O'Growney eventually (while yet a student) reported the progress of his Irish studies by means of several deep, though interesting, contributions on various national topics.

Once settled down at Ballynacargy he contributed frequently, publishing translations of popular songs, including "The Wearin' of the Green." Eventually came "Ara Doinn," the most important series of articles dealing with Arran and the Islanders ever penned. These he began in the end of the year 1889.

In 1891 he became, with the permission of Dr. Nulty, editor of the *Gaelic Journal*, in succession to the retiring veteran, John Fleming. All the time he had been working in the vernacular too, making, by dint of letters to the press, popular articles, etc., stirring appeals to the people to make a great movement for the restoration of the old tongue. During 1890 he had written to *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* a forcible article embodying an appeal for Irish to the Bishops and priests. Significant it was that at the next meeting of the Hierarchy, the Chair of Irish, which had remained vacant since Father Logue (our present Cardinal Primate) left it in 1878, was restored. Appropriate, too, it should be that Father O'Growney was appointed Professor of Irish in the National Ecclesiastical College.

The duties of a Maynooth Professor are ever arduous. Those upon which Eugene O'Growney entered were doubly so, because, in addition to the routine attaching to the Chair of Irish (which in itself was unusually heavy) he was obliged to undertake, to a great extent, the work of a pioneer. But he set to his task with his wonted thoroughness, keeping his literary work going at high pressure throughout. Soon he was one of the busiest men at Maynooth, never sparing himself in his endeavour to fulfil the manifold engagements which this particular phase of the cause of the language revival occasioned him.

His public zeal, too, was having effect. Kindred spirits, the remnant membership of the older societies, and others of the younger generation, were hearkening at the note he sounded. The study of Irish began to be urged from the pulpit, and in the press, as well as under the auspices of every public national interest. His earnestness and perseverance at length was bearing a great fruit, for a united Ireland was hastening to his call.

The lasting movement which culminated in the establish-

ment of the Gaelic League was the immediate result of the impetus which his scholastic industry and public appeals had given to active, ardent spirits like Dr. Douglas Hyde and John McNeil, who had come into the arena of things Irish at about the same period as himself.

The League was founded on the last day of July, 1903—the anniversary appropriately coincides with my date of writing—at a conference, attended by no more than nine Gaelic scholars, including Hyde, McNeil, and John Fleming, and held at No. 9 Lower O'Connell street, the house of Martin Kelly, one of the promoters. Father O'Growney had other duties which rendered actual attendance impossible, but he was present in a spirit of ecstatic co-operation, having, indeed, worked his hardest to bring the gathering together.

The highest measure of success greeted the new movement. Whole-hearted support and promises of affiliation were received from all over the country: old and young alike flocked generously to the promoters with determination, and with practical assistance.

Under such encouraging circumstances a meeting of sympathisers was held in the metropolis. On this occasion Father O'Growney was chosen as Vice-President, with Douglas Hyde and John McNeil, President and Secretary respectively. Work was immediately begun. Branches were started in almost every district in Dublin. North, South, East, and West followed suit, until the movement had spread with amazing rapidity and strength, not least among the Irish exiles in England, the United States, Canada, Australia, and elsewhere. To-day its vigour, at home and abroad, remains undiminished.

Father O'Growney was jubilant at the turn of events; not indeed on account of the trojan part he himself had played in effecting the desired end, for he was in character both unassuming and unselfish; but he rejoiced to see the young and the old begin the study of the ancient language voluntarily and without coercion; he rejoiced, too, at the general Irish sweep of the movement, for in the train of the language revival a genuine national social and industrial reaction promised. The start of the Gaelic League as a non-political combination gave him great satisfaction also, gratifying that abhorrence of sectarianism which had kept him aloof from public politics during every day of his life.

(To be Continued).

COIR NA TEINE.

Cumann do Shaeóilgeoirib é seo atá ar bun le cúpla bliain anois agus atá as dul éun cinn go breá. As seo na maśalaca atá

as baint leir. 1. An fáinne beir mar ainm ar an gCumann ro. 2. Beir cúram an fáinne fé Comairle ar a mbeir uachtarán, óa leir uachtarán, Scriobairde, Sparánairde, oclari daltaí tośta agus beir comtośta. 3. Sác doinne sur mian leir (nó léi) teact irteac 'ra bFáinne ní móir a ainm do teact ór cómair Comairle an fáinne agus beir do muintir an fáinne do dul i n-urruđar air. 3. Sar a nglacfar doinne irteac ní móir do móir do tabairt go solamunta mar a leanar: "Dearbaisim nađ labairt feara ađt Saeóils le h-éinne de luđt an fáinne, ađt amám nuair a beir sáo móir éisim fá leir leir." Cuirim m'ainm leir an noearbú ro i látair beir finne." 5. Beir de duaisar ar Comaltaí an fáinne san ađ Saeóils do labairt le n-a céile, ué méir Dearlóirí a beir 'n-a scuioeactain. Beir ceao aca, am, labairt a mDearla leir na Dearlóirí, agus cuir i scár so mbeao fáinneac as cruinnú 'n-a mbeao daoine ná cuisreao an Saeóils, do beao ceao aise Dearla do labairt, riú amám leir an gCataoirleac, bíot a'r sur comalta de'n fáinne an Cataoirleac.

* * * * *

6. Beir ar sác duine de muintir an fáinne cómairca an fáinne do caiteam. 7. Beir ré de Comact as Comairle an fáinne doinne do díbir ar an bFáinne má'r léir do'n **TUILLE DÍOB.** Comairle a seallamaint do beir bairte aise san sáo. 8. Beir ar luđt an fáinne cabrú le n-a céile ar sác rliśe atá ar a scumar, ré rin, bráđapamlađt beir eaoirca. 9. Beir ar comalta 2/- díoc ar a teact irteac 'ra bFáinne. Tabairt comairca an fáinne do anran (ní beir le h-íoc as comalta i gCeannair Saeóealac ađ bp-aon páiróirte 'n-a bfuil rsoil dá-teangac aipeófar é mar Ceannair Saeóealac). Ar 5/6 breire seódfar comairca óir i n-ionao comairca práir. 10. Tionólfar cruinnú cinn bliana na fáinne le linn an Oipeactair sác bliain agus beir de ceao as sác fáinneac beir i látair as an scuinnú ran. Ir as an scuinnú ro amám a beir comact maśalaca nua do tarrac nó na maśalaca p'atru, agus an Comairle agus na h-oifisís do tośao. 11. Ait ar bí a dtis reirfar fáinneac le céile bíot riao mar coirte so realaoac 'ran ait rin le daoine tabairt irteac 'ra bFáinne do réir maśalaca an fáinne ađ so scuipio riao ainmneaca na gcomaltaí nua so dtí an Comairle i mDaile Aca Cliađ, agus an t-airseao a baileócar. 12. Beir ceao as Comairle an

Fáinne garraí do cup ar bun nó glacaó le garraí do péir a
céile ar fuo na tíre.

* * * * *

1. Moltaí do comaltaib ceangal fé leic do sabail orda féin
san ac Saebils do labairt le h-éinne ar amantaib áiríte, cuir
i gcár, uair a cluis sac lá nó oíche 'ra
MOLTA. treachtam. 2. Moltaí do Comaltaib Saebils
do labairt le daoimib gur b'eol dóib Saebils
lo beic aca, fiú san iad a beic 'ra bFáinne. 3. Moltaí do
Comaltaib Saebils do labairt le daoimib ar linn aithe do cup
orda dóib.

Seodraí sac eolair i otaob an Fáinne ó Liam Ó Rinn, Ceapnós
Darnell a 25, Áta Cliaí.

muiris na móna.



A Literary Circle for Young Readers of "The Cross"

Conducted by FRANCIS.

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- I. The Guild of Blessed Gabriel is a literary circle open to boys and girls under 18 years of age.
- II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to Blessed Gabriel or Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity, and truth, and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and guide.
- III. They will at all times observe the conditions under which the competition will be held.
- IV. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of Blessed Gabriel.

TWO sweet singers have come this month to save you all from the infliction of my usual sermon. I am grateful to them, not alone because of this work they have lifted off my shoulders, but because of the sweetness and tenderness and beauty of their songs. Well may we be proud of them, and well may we pray to God to strengthen and perfect the gift that He has given them. I need say no more. The poems are more eloquent than any words of mine:

THINGS GLORIOUS.

Sweet is the loud voice of Ireland old,
Sweet is the calling of cuckoo bold,
Sweet is the sound of a mother's croon,
Sweet is the humming of bees at noon.

Sweet is the rustle of summer's breeze,
Sweet is the lark's wild song in the trees,
Lovely the smile of stars in heaven
When they circle, numbering seven.

Sweet is the light of hope on the hill,
Sweet is the murmur of river and rill,
Sweet is the song of the harper grey,
When he sings of Eire at dawn of day.

Sweet is the call of chieftain old
To his battalions of Fianna bold,
Sweet is the sound of answering feet
While they follow him on thro' the misty street.
(Lilian Mary Nally).

MYSTICAL ROSE OF LOVE.

How shall I sing thy praises, Mystical Rose of Love?
How may I fittingly honour thy glorious name above?
Hail! queen of the starry heavens, Hail! mistress sweet of earth,
Hail! Immaculate mother, Immaculate from birth.

Hail! thou queen of glory, Hail! thou hope of the brave!
Hail! thou virgin of virgins, our hope tho' the tempest's wave.
But sweeter far the title thy children give to thee—
Mystical Rose of Beauty, their love returns to thee!

Hail! to thy radiant beauty, entrancing the sun with it's sight,
Hail! to the Godhead Who made it, to shine 'neath His Infinite light!
Hail! to the Mother of Jesus, Redeemer of all mankind!
Hail! Infinite Son of the Father, sweet Saviour meek and mild.

On and on thro' the ages, ever my song shall be
Hail! to thee, Queen Mother, wondrous Star of the Sea!
Hail! thou glory of angels, royally shall I sing,
Mystical Rose of Beauty, glory to thy King!

Hail! Mystical Rose of angels, Hail Mystical Rose of men,
Hail! starlit queen of heaven, accept my homage when
I kneel beside thy presence, in the quiet time of prayer,
Then claim my poor tired heart and soul the entrance there.

I said last month that I'd try to publish a beautiful letter I had received from **Chrissie Burks**. I regret that my limited space will not allow me to give it in full. But here is an extract that will touch many a heart. In describing

the scenes of enthusiasm which marked the arrival of our patriots in Dublin, **Chrissie** wrote:—"But 'midst all that enthusiasm and mingled with the joy of the home-coming was a shadow that made itself felt all the more keenly as one caught sight of figures in black—pathetic beyond all expression. Their presence was touching even to the least sensitive. They had no loved ones to welcome back, no re-union could be theirs until God in His mercy called them to Him in Heaven, there to meet those whose memory they revere." I thought there would be very few letters this month on account of the holidays, but I counted without the faithful-hearted members of Blessed Gabriel's Guild who never forget **Francis**. But, dear, oh dear! such mutterings of impending battle as fill the air. From all points of the compass they come, and louder in volume they grow from day to day. Hear this from **Rita Carlos** in the West:—"And so **Lilian Nally**, the gentle wooer of the Muses, who wrote so many exquisite songs of peace, has suddenly become a modern **Queen Meave**! Although **Drogheda** declared but recently in favour of a universal peace among the children of the Gael who are united with **Francis** under the mantle of Blessed Gabriel, **Lilian** is ready to wage a most ferocious fight against those who dare to question Dublin's supremacy in the Guild. I shouldn't wonder if she wrote her next poem to Mars in order to spur on her eager recruits. But let her remember that she has got to reckon with the proud **Connacians** yet! **Ballina** will uphold the ancient glory and knightly honour of **Connacht** with a persistence and determination worthy of the great King **Awley** himself, for the fame of our ancestral heroes thrills us yet. Let those **Guilders** who dwell in queenly **Connacht**, sanctified by so much immortal history and by so many relics of the glorious past, rally to the old flag and uphold our illustrious name against those who challenge us, and so win

and retain for **Connacht** the premier place in the Guild." The **Drogheda** Commandant, **Ada O'Neill**, is in pessimistic mood and her communique is a lament for the scarcity of recruits. "I needn't attempt to disguise my feelings from you, so I must admit that, though I was delighted to see more recruits swelling the number of Guild members, I was just a wee bit crestfallen when I thought of poor **Drogheda**, that used to hold her head so high. If the 'Old Brigade' in Dublin marches forth in battle array what will become of us? I now realize that country life has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. I can't find a single soul of military age in this benighted place. In all, there are scarcely a dozen houses between here and **Drogheda**, and we are over three miles from civilization. As my frenzied eyes rove here and there in search of recruits I can see nothing but stolid cows and silly-looking sheep. There are two delightful little calves who would, I am sure, make very diligent members if you would only admit them into the Guild. But first I would have to make friends with Mother Cow. She must have a very poor opinion of me, for every time she chances to see me looking at the calves she placidly shuffles over and gently butts her bairns away from the danger zone. I would have nothing whatever to do with the sheep. At the slightest sound they flee away as if **Nemesis** were on their track." It looks as if the **Drogheda** forces will be obliged to relinquish all captured territory and retire north of the **Boyne**. **Eibhlis Seoige** is in training for the big offensive, she says, and has been promised a commission in the Dublin army. **Mary Rennie** sees trouble ahead, and wonders what has come over the once calm and peaceful Guild. She asks the prayers of her fellow-members for a relative who is seriously ill. I am sure the request will be willingly granted. Two new members from **Stillorgan** are **Neassan O Ceallaigh** and **Peigin Ni Cheallaigh**, who are both heartily welcome. Our old and valued member, **Proinsias Mac Thighearnain** is becoming jealous. He fears that as the hundreds of new members throng into the Guild I'll forget the pioneers of the early days. "Jealous I ought to be," he writes, "For how can you remember half the names of your flock, when they run into hundreds and hundreds! And of course these fine top-stones of the building which has grown so rapidly and beautifully under your guiding hand don't think for a moment that they wouldn't be 'in it' at all only for the insignificant stones at the bottom first laid one—two—three years ago. I think. You are talking in battalions now, dear **Francis**, but you must remember the time when every unit was as important as a battalion." I do remember the first days, and there is not the slightest danger that I shall ever forget or ignore the ones who came when first I called pioneers, and who have made the Guild the power for good that it is to-day. And somehow, I imagine **Proinsias** is well aware of that fact. Letters of thanks for prizes have come from **Kathleen Ternan**, **Ethna Wright**, **Josie M'Guinness**, and **Ellis Ni Riain**. **Josie Flanagan** is a new member from Dublin City. A thousand hearty welcomes to her!

- (1) All newcomers will please write a personal note to **Francis**, apart from their competition papers, asking to be admitted to membership of the Guild. (2) Always put your name and address on your competition paper, whether you send a letter or not. (3) Orders for copies of "The Cross," etc., should not be sent to **Francis**, but to the Manager.

For the best Senior Holiday Message the prize is awarded to **Ada O'Neill**, **Shallon House, Drogheda**. In the Junior Competition the work did not reach the standard required.

PRIZE HOLIDAY MESSAGE.

This morning, **Francis** dear, I seated myself with the avowed intent of sending a message to you, but only sad and mournful words rose to my lips and how could I grieve you with my sighs? Outside Mother Nature was softly weeping to herself, and her tears pattered on the roof and washed the window through which I gazed, and the dripping boughs waved to and fro and joined their low murmuring voices with hers in lamentation.

The intense sadness which prevailed struck a kindred note and filled me with despondency, so I had perforce to defer writing to a happier time. Later in the day the sun peeped shyly out from the great dull clouds and kissed away her tears and shrouded the lonely hills with a misty golden mantle. I wandered down the fields when the dew glistened like crystal beads upon the green blades, and the air was fresh and moist, and Mother Nature was glad and smiling again. The heavy, grey clouds overhead had rolled away and the heavens were full of wonderful and glorious things—snow-clad peaks flushed with warmest rose, turretted pearly castles gleaming from out the blue (fit abode for winsome fairy sprites!) and beautiful dreamy things which drew one's soul out to them and yet, which one couldn't define. The quiet beauty of the evening chased every care away and filled me with peace. Suddenly the thought flashed into my mind that the tranquil scene could be compared to the Guild of Blessed Gabriel where I, for one, have found the sweet companionship that

“gentler on the spirit lies
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes,”

and where all is soothing and caressing. Its fragrant memory shall ever remain green in my heart, and when the dark clouds of sorrow blot out the sunshine of my life, in imagination I shall seek its shady retreat and will be gladdened as the weary traveller whose tired eyes sight the emerald oasis gleaming amid the arid, burning waste and whose straining ears catch the liquid gurgling of happy waters.

ADA O'NEILL.

OUR NEXT COMPETITION.

I.—For Members over 12 and under 18 Years of Age.

A handsome book prize will be given for the best account of a holiday incident or adventure, either real or imaginary.

II.—For Members under 12 Years of Age.

A handsome book prize will be given for the best short letter on “How I Spent the Holidays.”

Competitors will please remember the following rules:—All competition papers must be certified by some responsible person as being the unaided work of the competitors. They must have attached to them the coupon which will be found in this issue (one coupon will be sufficient for all the members of a family), and must be written on one side only of the paper. They must be sent so as to reach the office not later than by the first post on September 14th. All letters to be addressed: **Francis, c/o “The Cross,”** St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin.

In Thanksgiving, Etc.

Per Rev. Father Celestine, C.P., Enniskillen, we have received ten shillings; and from A Client one shilling towards the expenses of the Canonization of Blessed Gabriel.

F.E. has sent three shillings towards defraying the expenses of the Cause of Gemma Galgani.

The above donations, for which we are sincerely grateful, will be duly forwarded to the Postulator at Rome.

Contributions towards the expenses of the Causes of Blessed Gabriel and Gemma Galgani, and favours received through their intercession, will be gladly acknowledged in these pages.

TO OUR PROMOTERS.—In answer to inquiries made from time to time, we think it well to let supporters of this magazine know that all our supporters and promoters participate in the benefit of four hundred and thirty-four Masses, specially offered every year for benefactors by the Fathers of this Province, as well as in the prayers, penances and good works performed daily by all the members of the Congregation of the Passion.